The Skull of Sobek

(Whispering, then a deep bell or gong chimes as though calling people to prayer.)
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Today's revelation is taken from the Triumphs of Sobek. The final chapter. The burning of the world.
SISTER CHALICE: Now the old prince of Sobek fearing ruin returned to the temple beneath the swamp, to make offerings before the ancient skull, that he might learn from its thoughts. But his servant and heir, thrice reviled Snabb, lay in the wallow before the altar, with anger in his heart.
(Noises like horns to indicate a vision.)

(Goats bleat. A deep voice.)
THE OLD PRINCE: Oh great skull, keeper of our past and future, guide your world through this time of tumult. Accept this offering, restore the balance.
SNABB: Praying alone, my Prince?
THE OLD PRINCE: Who's there?
SNABB: Your prized student.
(Sword unsheathed.)
SNABB: To arms, my prince.
(Clash of swords.)
THE OLD PRINCE: My guards are within call, Snabb.
SNABB: So is my army.
THE OLD PRINCE: That rabble of thin-blooded swamp-dwellers?
(Further groans and clashes of steel.)
SNABB: The temple is surrounded. Have you even read our demands?
THE OLD PRINCE: The culture of Sobek reaches back ten thousand years, Snabb. I taught you the procession of time and law. I named you my heir.
SNABB: Too well you taught me. You princes bathed in the world's corruption. I will not.
(THE OLD PRINCE roars.)
SNABB: Stand down now, or a hundred pyres in a hundred cities shall burn our demented world clean. Hand over the skull.
THE OLD PRINCE: Never!
SNABB: I am heir to the world. I am the new order!
THE OLD PRINCE: You are disinherited.
(Brief struggle.)
SNABB: I stand before the skull, and invoke the rules of war.
THE OLD PRINCE: (Roars.) So be it, Snabb the reckless. Name your champion.
SNABB: My army is my champion.
THE OLD PRINCE: And I shall match you. The Skull of Sobek shall remember this day.

SISTER CHALICE: The Skull of Sobek shall remember this day. Here endeth the lesson.

ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Brethren and sistren, the gates are barred. We are alone. Let us pray for deliverance for our beleaguered sanctuary.
SISTER CHALICE: Protect us from the fire that consumed Sobek.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Light and darkness burning in one.
SISTER CHALICE: Lead us not into perfection.
SISTER CHALICE/ABBOT ABSOLUTE: For never and ever.
(Bell chime.)
BROTHERS:/SISTERS: Aahh...

TANGENT: Dannahill. Are you there?
DANNAHILL: (radio) About time, Brother Tangent.
TANGENT: I couldn't get away till they started devotions. I've got an hour.
DANNAHILL: (radio) Get on with it, then. The clients are getting edgy.
TANGENT: I'm the one on the inside, okay? The one who had his head shaved. I wasn't cut out to be monastic. Like my sins too much.
DANNAHILL: (radio) You're not stuck out here with several hundred poxy refugees and their camels.
TANGENT: More of them?
DANNAHILL: (radio) Coming out of the dunes like there's no tomorrow. No sign of a 'sign' yet?

TANGENT: Hasn't been a vision for days. They may want their credits back. Right. This is it. The New Hall. Forbidden territory.
DANNAHILL: (radio) Just don't disappoint the clients.
TANGENT: Once the Abbot barred the sanctuary gates I knew there was something to hide. It's Sobek all over, in the sermons and the readings, like they're preparing the brethren. The Hall must be the heart of it.
DANNAHILL: (radio) Record what you can.
TANGENT Ah ... (Grunt.) There. We're in.
(Big door opened with a creak.)
TANGENT: Are you getting this?
DANNAHILL: (radio) Can't see a thing.
TANGENT: Hang on.
(Walking. Banging into something.)
TANGENT: Damn! It's water right up to the steps.
DANNAHILL: (radio) Careful, Tangent.
TANGENT: Okay. It's okay, there's no-one about.
(Scrape.)
DANNAHILL: (radio) What's that?
TANGENT: There's something in here. In the water.
(Flame sound.)
TANGENT: Hell in Heaven!
(An alarm bell.)
DANNAHILL: (radio) What is it? Tangent, get out. Get out of the fire! Tangent!
TANGENT: It's okay, I'm okay. Did you get that?
DANNAHILL: (radio) First vision for days. Just be careful.
TANGENT: I'm okay. Except...
DANNAHILL: (radio) What is it? Show me.
TANGENT: They're here. They're here!
(Roar of beast, TANGENT screams as though being attacked, then silence.)

(The TARDIS materialisation sound. Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Bit blue, innit?
THE DOCTOR: It's the Blue Desert, Lucie. It's what Indigo Three is famous for.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, even the sun's blue. Ish.
THE DOCTOR: Except that's one of the moons.
LUCIE MILLER: Still blue, though.
THE DOCTOR: Soothing, isn't it? Azure turning to lavender, drifting into sapphire.
LUCIE MILLER: I bet the locals have ninety-five different words for the colour blue.
THE DOCTOR: Good guess, but actually it's eighty-three.
LUCIE MILLER: At the last count.
THE DOCTOR: Which is interesting, because every eighty-three years, a torrential storm floods the Blue Desert, and a few days after that the whole region is carpeted with flowers. People come from light years around to see it.
LUCIE MILLER: What colour flowers? No, no, no, let me guess. Blue.
THE DOCTOR: Cherry-red.
(LUCIE MILLER laugh.)
LUCIE MILLER: Liar, liar.
THE DOCTOR: All right, then. Ultramarine.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah, makes all the difference. So is that why we landed on the roof, to see the sun?
THE DOCTOR: No, just the view. And what a view - all those dunes like a slow blue sea.
LUCIE MILLER: Looks funny to me.
THE DOCTOR: Yes?
LUCIE MILLER: Not quite, you know, real.
THE DOCTOR: Mm?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know, I mean...
THE DOCTOR: Go on.
LUCIE MILLER: Ah! I've got it.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah?
LUCIE MILLER: They're all the same. All the dunes, look, right out. But - they can't be.

THE DOCTOR: They are.
LUCIE MILLER: But things don't do that, not all the same shape. It's like cut and paste.
THE DOCTOR: There are places where the Universe comes close to perfection.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but nothing's that symmetrical. You don't have to do my eyebrows. It's a fake, it must be.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, it's real. That's what worried the people who built this place. Too much perfection is dangerous. Everything stops. So this is the Sanctuary of Imperfect Symmetry, a place of pilgrimage, devotion and deliberate disparity.
LUCIE MILLER: Weird.
THE DOCTOR: And it makes the sanctuary a hundred times more isolated. Walk out into those identical dunes, and you'll never find your way back.
LUCIE MILLER: You reckon?
THE DOCTOR: That's why hardly anyone comes here. Except in the storm season.
LUCIE MILLER: Better look down here, then.
THE DOCTOR: What? Careful, don't lean too far.
LUCIE MILLER: See? Big encampment right up to the walls. Like Glastonbury Festival, but bluer. Are they pilgrims? Hiya!
THE DOCTOR: Probably nomads. Be careful.
LUCIE MILLER: No, they're waving back. Hooray!
THE DOCTOR: Get down!
(Shot fired.)
LUCIE MILLER: They shot at us. What's that all about?
THE DOCTOR: Keep low.
LUCIE MILLER: I was only waving.
THE DOCTOR: There's a door over there. Let's get down into the sanctuary.
LUCIE MILLER: Who says they'll be friendlier down there?
THE DOCTOR: Of course they will. I told you - it's a sanctuary. That's what sanctuaries do.
(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah. Hello.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh brother. Oh. Brother.
PROXIMUS: The sanctuary is closed.
THE DOCTOR: Closed? Surely not. We've come such a long way.
LUCIE MILLER: Even he's blue.
PROXIMUS: How did you get up here? Where's your ladder?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, no ladder, we just ... dropped in. That's our luggage over there, the ... blue box. Now, you must be Brother Proximus.
LUCIE MILLER: Nice helpful name badge. Hi. I'm Lucie Miller and this is the Doctor.
PROXIMUS: You are not welcome. How many more of you?
THE DOCTOR: Just us. I trust you're not going to throw us out or off the roof?
LUCIE MILLER: It's not safe down there. They were shooting at us.
PROXIMUS: Abbot Absolute ordered the gates to be locked.
THE DOCTOR: Understandably. That's why we're here.
PROXIMUS: What?
THE DOCTOR: Your sanctuary is under siege and we came to help.

ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Careful. Careful, Chalice, you're blistering his skin.
SISTER CHALICE: It's not embroidery. Or would you rather I used needle and thread?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Absurd idea.
SISTER CHALICE: Absolute, your guests are a danger to the sanctuary. Make them go.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: They're refugees. We promised them protection.
SISTER CHALICE: Not when they kill. It's a murder we're covering up here.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Oh, shh! Quiet.
SISTER CHALICE: We can't keep it a secret. The Order will soon pick it up. Then the crowd outside.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Brother Tangent died peacefully in his sleep. No-one will know.
SISTER CHALICE: If I put all his parts back in the right order. And barring the gates doesn't help either. There. That'll have to do.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: It's the visions that brought the crowds.
SISTER CHALICE: It's all linked. Sister Liberty c-counted five more air-coaches of pilgrims arriving today.

ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Stop worrying. It'll soon fall off the top of the news.
SISTER CHALICE: But what did Brother Tangent find out, and who did he tell?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: We're a humble community, Chalice, devoted to unworldly contemplation. No-one knows anything. They must never know.
SISTER CHALICE: There are catering wagons too. The crowds are settling in for the duration.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Suppose we declare ourselves contagious?
SISTER CHALICE: Quarantine? Do you want even more attention?
(PROXIMUS clears his throat.)
PROXIMUS: Father Abbot?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Proximus? I said our vigil was not to be disturbed.
PROXIMUS: Forgive me, Father, but - we have intruders.
THE DOCTOR: Good evening.
LUCIE MILLER: Hiya!
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Oh great heavens, who let these in? I'm so sorry, sir, Miss. The sanctuary is closed for renovation.
SISTER CHALICE: And reflection. They could be media.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: And reflection. Brother Proximus will show you out, thank you.
PROXIMUS: This way, please.
THE DOCTOR: Did I hear you mention contagion? Perhaps I can be of assistance.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Get them out.
THE DOCTOR: I'm a Doctor. by the way. And this is Lucie Miller, my ... disciple.
LUCIE MILLER: Funny.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Will you please leave?
THE DOCTOR: We'd rather not. The congregation outside are in an ugly mood.
LUCIE MILLER: Trigger happy clappy.
THE DOCTOR: And your sanctuary is renowned as a place of pilgrimage for the sick, infirm and troubled.
LUCIE MILLER: Could have fooled me.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Out, now.
LUCIE MILLER: It wouldn't look good, would it? The media finding out your place is rife with infection?
SISTER CHALICE: The media?
THE DOCTOR: I told you, we want to help. Is this poor departed soul the first victim? Anyone else with symptoms?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Chalice?
SISTER CHALICE: Let him look at Brother Tangent.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, yuck. There's blood all over the floor.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, indeed. Recently spilled. Hmm. Multiple abrasions and contusions. And the thinnest line of scar tissue around the abdomen. Very jagged.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm not looking.
THE DOCTOR: Almost as it he was torn in half and someone spliced him back together again. Ah. Not torn. Bitten in half. These are teeth marks, not very well concealed. Large, predatory possibly reptilian. Any crocodiles round here?
LUCIE MILLER: Crocodiles? In the desert?
THE DOCTOR: Notoriously contagious, crocodiles.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Look, this is preposterous. Suppose these two are the killers?
THE DOCTOR: Now you're being silly.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Am I indeed.
SISTER CHALICE: Father Abbot, I think a period of reflection is called for. Guest room three is available, I'm sure you will find it comfortable and quite secure, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: How very kind.
SISTER CHALICE: Proximus, guest room three ... and lock them in.

(Door creaks closed, locked.)
THE DOCTOR: Good old-fashioned mortise. Should be a doddle to open.
(Lock tried.)
THE DOCTOR: Hmm. Maybe we should just sit tight.
LUCIE MILLER: Call this a guest room? There's not even a kettle.
THE DOCTOR: I've known worse. They're going to great lengths to cover it all up.

LUCIE MILLER: Mm, murders are embarrassing.
THE DOCTOR: Mm. Good view of the cloisters down there. Monks and nuns about their devotional business - you'd never think they were under siege.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor ... am I getting all used to it?
THE DOCTOR: What? The blue?
LUCIE MILLER: Dead people. 'Cause I don't want to do that, ever.
THE DOCTOR: It's upset you. Brother Tangent.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, it has. Didn't even know him, poor bloke.
THE DOCTOR: I wonder who *he* upset.
LUCIE MILLER: Erm - this might help. It's his mobile.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I couldn't help it. It fell out of his pocket.
THE DOCTOR: Right into your hand. Really Lucie, you're developing some appalling habits.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, not as appalling as his habit. It was soaked through with water and blood and I don't know what. Eurgh!
THE DOCTOR: It's lucky this is waterproof. Interesting design.
(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Vid-phone, address book, camcorder. Last recording, eight hours forty-two minutes ago, standard east arm time. Let's see.
(Roaring of a fire on phone, the scene from earlier.)
TANGENT: (phone) Hell in heaven!
THE DOCTOR: Flames.
LUCIE MILLER: Someone having a barbie?
DANNAHILL: (phone) What is it? Tangent, get out. Get out of the fire!
LUCIE MILLER: Who's that, in the flames?

(Roaring sound of flames.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor? What's happening? Who ... who are you?
(Roaring of creature. LUCIE MILLER cries out.)
THE DOCTOR: (echoed) Lucie? Lucie!

THE DOCTOR: Lucie?
(LUCIE MILLER panting for breath.)
LUCIE MILLER: Did you see?
THE DOCTOR: The fire.
LUCIE MILLER: If that's Three D telly - whoo! - you can keep it. Flippin' 'eck. I thought they were coming after me.
THE DOCTOR: Who?
LUCIE MILLER: The two of them, didn't you see? Big tall things with pointy helmets and tails and curved swords, fighting in the flames, all around us. They weren't from around here. They weren't blue. What? What?! Don't look at me like that.
THE DOCTOR: There were flames on the vidcom-screen. Possibly the last thing Tangent saw.
LUCIE MILLER: Before he died? Give it 'ere.
THE DOCTOR: Uh-huh-huh-huh.
LUCIE MILLER: Come on, give me it.
THE DOCTOR: It may not be safe, not if it puts the Lucie in hallucinate. You're a lot more sensitive than you let on, aren't you?
LUCIE MILLER: No.
THE DOCTOR: What sort of creatures did you see?
LUCIE MILLER: Never mind.
THE DOCTOR: Only, there are documents on here too, a lot of material about the dead planet of Sobek.
LUCIE MILLER: So-who?
THE DOCTOR: Sobek, an old Imperial world ruled by a race of Crocodilians.
LUCIE MILLER: Crocodile.
THE DOCTOR: I told you. Notoriously contagious, crocodiles.
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe they weren't in helmets.
THE DOCTOR: There's a message left on here too.
SISTER THRIFT: (phone) Tangent? It's Sister Thrift. Why don't you pick up?
LUCIE MILLER: She looks scared.

SISTER THRIFT: (phone) Never mind what Mister Dannahill says, don't go on your own. They're definitely here.
THE DOCTOR: They? Who are they?
SISTER THRIFT: (phone) Meet me at the New Hall before evening prayers, just don't go on your own.
(Bleep.)
LUCIE MILLER: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: Returning her call.
(Ringing tone.)
THE DOCTOR: Trouble is it's almost so far past Vespers it's almost Matins. Come on, Sister!
(Ringing tone, tone of disconnected phone.)
THE DOCTOR: And now the line's dead.
(Bleep to turn off phone.)
LUCIE MILLER: Come on, shift yourself.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: How good are you at knots?
(Rustling of linen.)
LUCIE MILLER: Come on, help me get the sheets off the bed.
THE DOCTOR: Aha.
LUCIE MILLER: No point sitting here, and a locked door's about as tough as a jelly umbrella if they leave the window open.

(Wooden shutter moved.)
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Forgive me, Sister Chalice. I've tipped the scales too far from the balance. Hear my confession, Sister. Through our disciplines we offer refuge for those in need, but I accepted gifts when I should have given freely. I thought to bring light and life to those who live in dread, but I have brought darkness and death into our sanctuary. Night gathers in my thoughts. Chalice, how can I atone?
(Low growling.)
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Chalice? Is that you? Have you been gutting fish?
(Growl.)
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: You!
THE OLD PRINCE: Who is the stranger? Who is he?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: The ... the Doctor?
THE OLD PRINCE: The final battle approaches. Bring him to us. Would you betray us, Abbot?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: No. I swear it. Prince, I swear.
THE OLD PRINCE: Blood feeds on blood. Bring the Doctor. The Skull chooses him.

THE OLD PRINCE: The time approaches, my brothers.
CROC: No more hiding in this shell of silence.
THE OLD PRINCE: When we break out at last, revenge will taste good.
CROC: And the thrice-curséd usurper?
THE OLD PRINCE: Let General Snabb find his own champion.
CROCS: My Prince. My Prince.
THE OLD PRINCE: My Chosen One is all but armed and anointed for battle.
CROCS: Sobek's revenge will be satisfied at last.

BROTHER 1: The time is approaching, sisters and brothers. The scales are tilting.
SISTER: Find the secrets. We've all seen the visions.
BROTHER 2: The Flames of Perfection to burn the sanctuary's rotting heart clean.
(Shouting.)
SISTER: The people outside - they're calling for salvation.
BROTHER 1: They'll tear us to bits. Why does no-one answer?
BROTHERS/SISTERS: Bring them salvation ... bring them salvation ... bring them salvation ... bring them salvation ... bring them salvation ... bring them salvation...

CROCS: Bring us vengeance ... bring us vengeance ... bring us vengeance!
(Rumbling.)

LUCIE MILLER: No-one about.

THE DOCTOR: Do you hear them? Thoughts and secrets rattling round the walls.
LUCIE MILLER: Just the thunder. So muggy, like that storm's coming.
THE DOCTOR: That's not due for twenty years yet. Now, what we want is the New Hall.
LUCIE MILLER: Wherever that is.
THE DOCTOR: This way.
(Gongs.)
THE DOCTOR: Or the other. Don't want to barge in on morning prayers.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Call that prayers? Sounds like trouble with the plumbing. We could just go.
THE DOCTOR: We could indeed, but things never work out the way you want, do they? Nothing balances exactly.
LUCIE MILLER: That noise. Oh! Sets my teeth on edge.
THE DOCTOR: And if it was perfect, absolutely perfect, wouldn't that be boring? That's why one sock always goes missing and mirrors distort, and laughter doesn't rhyme with slaughter. All those annoying little imbalances that makes life interesting.
LUCIE MILLER: And people get murdered.
THE DOCTOR: Wait.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh!
THE DOCTOR: This must be it. The New Hall.
LUCIE MILLER: It says "Healing Pool," Sherlock.
THE DOCTOR: Healing Pool housed in the New Hall. Built with donations from an anonymous benefactor.
LUCIE MILLER: No sign of Sister Thrift.
THE DOCTOR: You didn't expect her to wait? These locks have been broken.
LUCIE MILLER: "Please form an orderly queue to take the waters."
THE DOCTOR: And Brother Tangent's clothes were soaking wet.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Is this where he ... you know...
THE DOCTOR: Got bitten in half? Very probably.
LUCIE MILLER: I'll see you in the gift shop.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie. Just a quick look.
LUCIE MILLER: (sigh.) Yes, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: That's my brave Lucie.
(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's flooded. No-one here, let's go.
THE DOCTOR: Water, water, everywhere.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't paddle, you'll ruin your shoes..
THE DOCTOR: Look at this display.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Oh, yuck. Creepy looking things.
(Sound of weapons being handled.)
THE DOCTOR: Hand weapons. Both maces. Not part of the culture of Indigo Three. Relics from Sobek, I suspect. See the heads? Like mini crocodiles, snapping jaws and teeth.
LUCIE MILLER: All right, all right. No need to keep on.
THE DOCTOR: I was only saying.
LUCIE MILLER: Pigging crocodiles, all right? The one thing that really winds me up.
THE DOCTOR: More than me?
LUCIE MILLER: Ever since I was little, right, ever since I first saw pigging Peter Pan, whenever I got worried - maths test or school report - I always dreamt of crocodiles. Climbing out of cupboards, waiting under the bed.
THE DOCTOR: Tick-tock. Just anxiety dreams.
LUCIE MILLER: It's the way they walk, and those teeth on the outside and those golden slitty eyes watching me saying, "we know where you live." And if I go to the zoo, what's the first thing I go to see? You know they can jump too. And they're bleeding everywhere here, and these ones are up on their hind legs.
(Echoing rumble.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! What's that?
THE DOCTOR: There's something floating out there.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, be careful.
(Wading) THE DOCTOR: It's another body.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no.
THE DOCTOR: One of the sisters. Probably Thrift. I'm bringing her in.

LUCIE MILLER: There's something else, under the water. It's big.
THE DOCTOR: She's heavy. Here, could you...
LUCIE MILLER: It's moving. Behind you. Get out! Doctor...
THE OLD PRINCE: Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Who's there. Who wants me?
LUCIE MILLER: See them? The flames again.
THE DOCTOR: The burning city.
THE OLD PRINCE: Doctor, come down to us.
THE DOCTOR: Who is it?
THE OLD PRINCE: Come down to our world.
THE DOCTOR: Who are you?
(Creaking of door opening.)
SISTER CHALICE: How dare you.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
SISTER CHALICE: The Hall is forbidden. You are trespassing.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, are you all right?
LUCIE MILLER: It's gone. The thing in the water.
THE DOCTOR: And the vision's gone too.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah.
SISTER CHALICE: Come out of the pool.
THE DOCTOR: Sister Chalice, we're sorry, but there's another dead person in the water.
SISTER CHALICE: What dead person?
(Thing moved aside.)
SISTER CHALICE: Oh. Sister Thrift.
LUCIE MILLER: And that's not all, is there?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie...
LUCIE MILLER: There's something else there too, in the water.
SISTER CHALICE: Outside, now.
LUCIE MILLER: Try and stop me.

(Out of the Healing Pool area.)
SISTER CHALICE: Sister Radiance, fetch the Abbot, Brothers Benedict and Alleric. Our poor Sister Thrift is inside the hall. Please bring her out, with reverence.
THE DOCTOR: Sister Chalice, does the sanctuary has a history of visions?
SISTER CHALICE: What sort of question is that? You know full well why the place is under siege.
THE DOCTOR: Please remind me.
SISTER CHALICE: You've seen the flames in the sky. Prophecies of war and apocalypse.
THE DOCTOR: And all those people outside think they'll be safe in here.
SISTER CHALICE: They'll tear down the walls to get in.
THE DOCTOR: Ironic, that, considering that this is where the visions are coming from.
SISTER CHALICE: Not so loud.
THE DOCTOR: Who are you hiding? I heard them calling. Aren't they putting you all in danger?
SISTER CHALICE: Would you help us, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: If you tell me everything. Then Lucie and I will do what we can.
LUCIE MILLER: Look out. Here comes trouble.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Hurry up, Proximus. Sister Chalice. What's happening? What are these two doing here?
SISTER CHALICE: Father Abbot, there's been another death in the Pool.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Another?
SISTER CHALICE: Sister Thrift.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: (sigh) Oh! We are weighed and found wanting. And were these two snoopers involved?
SISTER CHALICE: The Doctor wants to help.
THE DOCTOR: If I can.
SISTER CHALICE: And I want him to stay.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Well, that settles it. Put them out of the sanctuary now.
LUCIE MILLER: Scared we've seen too much?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Brother Proximus, put them out.
PROXIMUS: Father, we cannot open the gate.

ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Then throw them from the window over there!
PROXIMUS: At once, Father.
LUCIE MILLER: Out there? With a load of blue bandits?
THE DOCTOR: The real trouble's not out there, it's in here with you, Father Absolute. Who are you hiding? Ow!
(Grabbing, THE DOCTOR gasp.)
PROXIMUS: This way, sir.
THE DOCTOR: No need to push.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: You're better off outside, Doctor, believe me.
THE DOCTOR: Have you told the rest of your order who it is that's killing them? Sister Chalice, you tell them.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor ... Let him go.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: The girl too, once you've defenestrated the Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no. You lay one finger on me, Sunshine...
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Oh, pernicious child.
LUCIE MILLER: Sister Chalice, who do you give sanctuary to?
SISTER CHALICE: I never refuse a deserving case.
LUCIE MILLER: Right. Put me on the box.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, no.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Chalice, don't listen.
LUCIE MILLER: Sign me up. Go on.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Chalice!
SISTER CHALICE: You may throw out any Brother, Absolute, but the soul of any Sister is my concern. Novice Sister Lucie stays.
THE DOCTOR: (drawn out cry) Lucie...!
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor!
(Thunder.)
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Oh, how we shall rue this day.
LUCIE MILLER: You rotten gits!
SISTER CHALICE: Quiet, Sister. The fall will not be fatal.
LUCIE MILLER: He was trying to help you, and you chucked him out of the window!
SISTER CHALICE: Quiet. Rejoice in your new humbler existence. These trappings of decadence - clothes, jewellery - will have to go, of course, once Sister Apocrypha has shaved your head.
LUCIE MILLER: My hair? No-one's touching my hair, all right?
SISTER CHALICE: Oh, Sister Lucie, you have a lot to learn.
(Thunder rumbles.)

THE DOCTOR: (drawn out cry) Lucie...!
(Thump of fall and gasp from some people as the sound of tearing.)
THE DOCTOR: Sorry.
(A thump as though falling through the tear to the ground. Sound of camel.)
CAMEL MAN: Hey, hey!
THE DOCTOR: It's all right. No bones broken, I think. I should say thank you - your tent broke my fall.
CAMEL MAN: And your fall broke my tent.
THE DOCTOR: It looks all right to me. There. See? No real damage.
(Collapse, sticks falling.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh. How can I make it up to you?
CAMEL MAN: Tell me how to get in. Everyone, they want to get in, hide from the sky fire.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'm sorry, I only know how to get out, fast.
(Camel groan.)
THE DOCTOR: Does your camel have to stare at me like that?
CAMEL MAN: Very nice camel. You want to buy? Nice shade of June blue.
THE DOCTOR: Not today, thank you. I think he's got the hump anyway.
(Camel grunt.)
CAMEL MAN: Hey, hey! I've got plenty of drink. Good drink. Camel milk...
THE DOCTOR: Goodbye.
(Bleeps of mobile phone.)
THE DOCTOR: Now then...

(Ringing tone.)
DANNAHILL: (phone) Hello.
THE DOCTOR: Mister Dannahill? Is that you?
DANNAHILL: Right behind you. How did you get Tangent's phone?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, hello. I'm the Doctor. I'm afraid Brother Tangent is no longer alive. I'm sorry.
DANNAHILL: Little klutz. Who killed him? Was it the monks?
THE DOCTOR: Probably not.
DANNAHILL: Did *you* know him?
THE DOCTOR: No, I only retrieved his vid-com.
DANNAHILL: Before you jumped out the window.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, you saw. Anyway, I didn't jump, I was thrown.
DANNAHILL: Really? So who are you working for? Media? Galactic Fed?
THE DOCTOR: All my investigations are purely personal.
DANNAHILL: Mercenary privateer?
THE DOCTOR: More of a general busybody. What about you?
DANNAHILL: You've heard of Sobek?
THE DOCTOR: Vaguely. An autocratic jungle world laid waste by a great war.
DANNAHILL: Er, revolution. That's what they called it.
THE DOCTOR: They always do.
DANNAHILL: Sobek was a world founded on centuries of slavery, until the oppressed overthrew the tyrannical monarchy. But a few royals escaped the blood purge.
THE DOCTOR: And now you're hunting them down and mopping them up. For a fee, no doubt.
DANNAHILL: I do want a cosy retirement. The last fugitives off Sobek stole its holiest treasure, the Great Skull.
THE DOCTOR: The Skull of Sobek? What's that, some sort of religious relic?
DANNAHILL: No, much more than that. it's a repository of all Sobek's memory and history.
THE DOCTOR: Really? That's a lot of information to cram into one little Skull. What does it look like?
DANNAHILL: They say I'll know it when I see it.
THE DOCTOR: Intriguing. I suppose it could use some sort of fancy molecular data encryption, but if it's a *real* skull ... What about your employer? Is he a revolutionary, or an archaeologist?
DANNAHILL: General Snabb wants revenge for the death of his world, Doctor. He's spent a hundred years scouring the east arm sector for the Skull. And all the leads point to this place. We'll find it, if we have to tear the sanctuary apart stone by stone.

ABBOT ABSOLUTE: The Doctor's out of your reach, Prince. He's gone.
THE OLD PRINCE: You disobeyed my orders, Father Abbot.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: I gave you sanctuary, but I am never your servant.
THE OLD PRINCE: We are all servants. The Skull demands an ending. One last battle. The Doctor was chosen. He was my Champion.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: There'll be no fighting in this sanctuary.
(Biting. Sudden gasp by ABBOT ABSOLUTE.)
THE OLD PRINCE: The Skull will not be denied.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: My hand. You've bit off my hand. The hand that I give blessings with.
THE OLD PRINCE: Consider it a blessing that I left you with your life. My enemy is approaching and I must meet his Champion with my own. Where shall I now find another?

PROXIMUS: Name?
LUCIE MILLER: Lucie Miller. And I'm not cutting my hair, whatever Sister Sledge says.
PROXIMUS: Sister Chalice, and that's for her to decide. World of origin?
LUCIE MILLER: Don't you care what's going on here? The Doctor was trying to help, and you chucked him out of the window.
PROXIMUS: It's not a long drop.
LUCIE MILLER: It's long enough. What's going on in here? What's the Abbot hiding?
PROXIMUS: It's not for us to question.
LUCIE MILLER: Blind faith. Brilliant. Listen, Proximus, you're all being killed off one by one, and whatever's doing it is in that Hall.
PROXIMUS: Are you sure a life of devotion is really your calling?
LUCIE MILLER: If someone doesn't get some answers soon, we'll all end up on the slab in bits.
(Door opened.)

PROXIMUS: Ah, here's Sister Apocrypha to do your hair.
LUCIE MILLER: Ah. Oh no. No. It's Shane at Ringlets or nothing for me. See ya.
(Walking off quickly.)
PROXIMUS: Sister Lucie!
(Door opened.)
PROXIMUS: Come back!
(Door closed.)

(Sound of crowd in the background.)
THE DOCTOR: Mister Dannahill, are you sure the Skull is in the sanctuary?
DANNAHILL: Have you seen the visions?
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes. Flames, fighting...
DANNAHILL: I ran a scan. There's massive cerebral activity emanating from a source inside the walls.
THE DOCTOR: Visions leaking from the Skull like old memories. What a nasty warped mind it must have had if its thoughts still linger. Why would anyone want it back?
DANNAHILL: I think it wants them.
THE DOCTOR: If it doesn't house a brain it's just a skull. Unless it's a bone-brain. Look,. I have a friend inside. I'm worried about her. She doesn't like crocodiles.
DANNAHILL: I'll soon have help here.
THE DOCTOR: Not soon enough for me. I have to get in.
DANNAHILL: Doctor, do you believe in freedom?
THE DOCTOR: That's what I've always fought for.
DANNAHILL: Then you'll help us.
THE DOCTOR: Us being General Snabb, I presume, who was once the oppressed? It depends.
DANNAHILL: Help us end an age-long dispute.
THE DOCTOR: And?
DANNAHILL: And rescue your friend.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie?
DANNAHILL: Who is in much danger from crocodiles.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, yes. All right, if it saves Lucie, whatever it takes, I'll do it.
DANNAHILL: Thank you, Doctor. You're on the team.
THE DOCTOR: Suddenly I feel very uneasy. And we still have to get inside.
DANNAHILL: That's easily solved.
(Whistling signal. Descent of fibre object.)
DANNAHILL: What did I tell you? A rope.
THE DOCTOR: Friends in high places, Mister Dannahill.
DANNAHILL: Up you go, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: What about you?
DANNAHILL: My job's done. Go on. Catch you later.
THE DOCTOR: Right.
(Bleeps.)
DANNAHILL: Dannahill to General Snabb. Game ready. It's your move.

(Gong. ABBOT ABSOLUTE wincing.)
SISTER CHALICE: Father Absolute, why are you...?
(Rushing over.)
SISTER CHALICE: Look at your hand! What happened?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: A disagreement with our guests. Perhaps you could look after it for me.
SISTER CHALICE: Oh! They're such monsters. We must get help for you.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: No, no time for that. Put it back later. I've stemmed the bleeding. I'll summon the brethren.
SISTER CHALICE: In your condition?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Chalice, our guests have enemies.
SISTER CHALICE: And they're coming here. I thought as much.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Always one step ahead, aren't you? How do you do that?
SISTER CHALICE: It's a vocation.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: It seems there's a showdown in the offing, and we must seek to restore the balance.
SISTER CHALICE: Oh, you're an old fool, Absolute. We need only stand back and let the fight

run its course. I've already taken measures. With luck, each side will wipe out the other.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: What measures? What are you up to? You'll get us all killed.
PROXIMUS: Sister Chalice? The young novice...
SISTER CHALICE: Sister Lucie? What about her?
PROXIMUS: She's gone. She ran off when we tried to shave her head.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: There, you see? Not so in control, are you? We have both strayed and now our sanctuary will pay the price.
(Gong.)

(Door opened with a creak. Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: Anyone there? Anyone?
THE OLD PRINCE: Sister Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: It's all right, I'm just leaving.
THE OLD PRINCE: No! Come down, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: What ... big teeth you have. You ... you won't eat me or anything?
THE OLD PRINCE: Come down to us.
(Shutter moved aside. Water. Crocs sound. Growl, sudden submerging and LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: What's happening? Where am I?
(Crowd cheering.)
THE OLD PRINCE: Lucie Miller, this is the world as it was.

(Wooden shutter moved aside.)
SISTER CHALICE: Forgive me, Father Absolute. I have tipped the scales too far. Hear my confession. Against your orders, I brought the Doctor back amongst us. He's here now, somewhere. I prayed he was a hope. Was I wrong? I thought the coming battle should be played out - how else can we be rid of this torment?
(Wooden shutter moved aside.)
THE DOCTOR: How indeed.
SISTER CHALICE: Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: Thank you for the ladder, Sister Chalice. Now I have to find the Skull. It has unfinished business to complete.
SISTER CHALICE: The Skull?
THE DOCTOR: The Skull of Sobek, the corrupt remnant of that lost world.
SISTER CHALICE: But that's just a legend surely, a metaphysical icon.
THE DOCTOR: No, it's not. The people you're sheltering brought it into the sanctuary. It's using all of us. It's where the visions come from. We have to find it, before even greater danger arrives.
(Gong.)
THE DOCTOR: What's that?
SISTER CHALICE: The Abbot, calling the brethren to prayer.
THE DOCTOR: Where's Lucie? Is she safe?
SISTER CHALICE: No Doctor, she's vanished. We're searching, but I fear greatly for her life.

THE OLD PRINCE: Our world was rich. Sobek wanted for nothing.
LUCIE MILLER: Is this what you call paradise? It'll suit me any time.
THE OLD PRINCE: There was wealth and abundance.
(LUCIE MILLER giggles.)
THE OLD PRINCE: Flesh and fruits and servants. Trade with the sky full of worlds.
LUCIE MILLER: I like it, all wild and savage and dark.
THE OLD PRINCE: Wines and bloods of a hundred tastes. Gilded palaces that rise above the deep, rich waters.
(LUCIE MILLER giggles.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock...
THE OLD PRINCE: And those who would snatch it from us...
(LUCIE MILLER's voice deeper, like the Crocs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tick tock, tick tock.
(Flames.)
LUCIE MILLER: That was my crown, my world. Bring it back.
THE OLD PRINCE: It is lost. I am old and my bones ache with anger.

LUCIE MILLER: I should have found a better pupil than Snabb. Where is he? It's not ended. I'll have at him again!
(Water splash.)
LUCIE MILLER: Where is he? My enemy.
(Water splash.)
THE OLD PRINCE: Snabb is coming. Prepare for the final battle.
CROCS: My Prince. My Prince.
LUCIE MILLER: The Skull has chosen a Champion. We are one, and we shall avenge our stolen world!
(CROCS growl.)

(Gong.)
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Fellow brethren and sistren. I've summoned you to tell of a great darkness that has fallen upon our sanctuary. Our custom is to give refuge to unfortunate souls, but that charity has been abused. Two of our number have died, and I myself bear the scar.
(Frightened gasps from the congregation.)
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: My friends, the balance must be restored. Please, join me in prayer.
THE DOCTOR: Abbot, you can't save the sanctuary with a prayer meeting.
SISTER: Who is that?
BROTHER: Throw him out.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Doctor, I had you expelled.
THE DOCTOR: You chucked out the wrong person. Tell the brethren and sistern who you're sheltering in the Healing Pool. Tell them about the Skull.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Chalice, are you behind this nonsense?
SISTER CHALICE: The Skull of Sobek. The Doctor says it's here, in the sanctuary.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Here? The Skull of Sobek? You think we wouldn't notice?
THE DOCTOR: Ask your so-called guests. It's where all the visions are coming from.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Visions? There are no visions.
(Rumbling.)
SISTER CHALICE: Look out!
(Noise like a rocket descent or fireball striking down. Flames. Congregation crying out in fear.)
SNABB: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Who's there?
SNABB: This is your cause, my Champion.
THE DOCTOR: Me, a Champion? I'm not anybody's champion.
SNABB: You swore allegiance before the Skull.
THE DOCTOR: (recollection) Yes, yes, all right, if it saves Lucie, whatever it takes, I'll do it.
SNABB: The Skull remembers.
THE DOCTOR: False pretences!
SNABB: It recalls the end of Sobek, the long dynasty of Princelings come to ash, an end to ages of cruelty and slavery, when the Princes feasted on the flesh and fruit of excess and corruption, and I, General Snabb, threw them down.
(Swordfight, grunts, fall.)
THE DOCTOR: How long before the revolutionaries become the new Princes?
SNABB: We have no world.
THE DOCTOR: Whose fault is that?
SNABB: But the hunt goes on.
(More thumps like a body dropping.)
THE DOCTOR: Whose revenge? Yours or the Skull's? I won't be part of it.
SNABB: The Skull has chosen.
THE DOCTOR: The Skull needs its head looking at.
SNABB: You are my Champion. We are one.
THE DOCTOR: I'm no Champion.
SISTER CHALICE: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: You all saw the flames, didn't you?
SISTER CHALICE: Doctor, I think we...
THE DOCTOR: I have to find the Skull, Chalice. The Prince must be holding it. But where? Anyone could hide a skull. There must be a thousand places.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Enough.
(Taking a piece of paper.)

ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Today's revelation, Doctor, is from The Triumphs of Sobek, Chapter Nine. And from the waters rose the great Skull of Sobek, the God, and its thoughts were amongst them.
THE DOCTOR: Venomous, controlling thoughts.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: And the Skull was three hundred cubits long and thirty cubits high. You think we might notice something as big as that.
THE DOCTOR: That is definitely big. What a monster. Not easy to hide.
SISTER CHALICE: Come along, Doctor. We must find Sister Lucie.
THE DOCTOR: The Pool. That's where she'll have gone - the Healing Pool. Always first to see the crocodiles, that's Lucie. Ah - the old pool, in the New Hall.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: What?
THE DOCTOR: Of course the Skull is here. Abbot, who was the benefactor who paid for the New Hall?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: That's a private matter. He's anonymous.
SISTER CHALICE: Oh, trust you to be honourable.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Chalice, no.
SISTER CHALICE: It was the Old Prince of Sobek, in return for our protection.
THE DOCTOR: I knew it! The ancient Skull is right here under your sanctimonious noses. Three hundred cubits by thirty. It's the frame of the New Hall structure.
(Rocket motors.)
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: What's that?
THE DOCTOR: Space shuttles. A whole squadron. Mister Dannahill's called in the troops. Get down!
SISTER CHALICE: The gates!
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: The sanctuary!
THE DOCTOR: Sanctuary? That's the last thing it is.
(Rocket descent.)
CROC TROOPER: Class company, spread out. All civilians to be confined
DANNAHILL: Lord General Snabb. The complex is secure, sir.
SNABB: You have done well, Mister Dannahill. Where is my Champion?
DANNAHILL: He'll be here, sir, any moment now.
SNABB: And where is my enemy? Is he too old and decrepit to face me?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: This is a violation. The sanctuary is a place of peace.
SNABB: Who is this!
THE DOCTOR: Abbot, watch out for his tail.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Leave us alone.
(SNABB grunt, thump, cry by ABBOT ABSOLUTE.)
SISTER CHALICE: Father Abbot here, take my arm.
THE DOCTOR: General Snabb, you're not wanted here.
DANNAHILL: That one, sir. Him, there. He's your champion.
SNABB: Spirited fellow.
THE DOCTOR: Your time is past, General, and I am not your Champion.
SNABB: You are chosen. We are one. You must meet my enemy's champion in mortal combat.
THE DOCTOR: I won't fight anyone.
(Door opening.)
DANNAHILL: Sir, it's your enemy.
THE OLD PRINCE: The time has come at last. Snabb.
SNABB: Lord General to you, prince of renegades.
THE OLD PRINCE: (Laugh) So it's Lord now, is it? Burner of the world.
SNABB: I brought a gift. A token of old esteems. My most excellent envoy. Stand forward, Mister Dannahill.
(Walking forward.)
DANNAHILL: My Lord Prince. I am honoured.
THE DOCTOR: Dannahill, be careful.
THE OLD PRINCE: And I accept your token. A prelude to dinner.
THE DOCTOR: Look out!
(Chomping. DANNAHILL screams. Laughs by crocs.)
THE OLD PRINCE: An excellent morsel. Mature, quite ripe, with a hint of hog marrow and swamp wine.
SNABB: (laugh) I thought you'd like him.

SISTER CHALICE: Masters, be gone.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Leave us now. This is a place of peace.
THE OLD PRINCE: Silence. You took my Champion, Snabb.
SNABB: The Skull chooses. You soon found another.
THE DOCTOR: General Snabb, forget the fight. The Skull is here. The hall is built over it. Take it, and leave these people in peace.
SNABB: You will win it for me. You are I and I am you. Prepare for combat.
THE DOCTOR: I won't be part of some old Croc's race.
THE OLD PRINCE: Temperamental, isn't he?
THE DOCTOR: Prince, your Champion and whoever - wherever - he is, call him off.
LUCIE MILLER: (throaty voice) General.
THE OLD PRINCE: Aha! Too late, Doctor. My Champion arrives.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie!
LUCIE MILLER: I am armed and ready.
(Click of weapon.)
LUCIE MILLER: Who do I face?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, no, that's not right. What happened to her?
THE OLD PRINCE: I am she and she is mine.
THE DOCTOR: No she is not. Lucie, it's me.
LUCIE MILLER: You're all words and no bite. Stand forward and meet the jaws of my mace.
THE DOCTOR: I won't fight you, Lucie.
THE OLD PRINCE: She knows you better than anyone. The Skull chose well.
SNABB: Here is your chosen weapon, my Lord.
THE DOCTOR: Take it away. I won't fight.
SNABB: Do not fail me, my Champion. The vengeance of a billion lives is at stake.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Chalice, what's happening? Should we not do something?
SISTER CHALICE: I told you. Let the battle play out, and we'll be rid of them for good.
SNABB: Time turns back. The Skull recalls how this began.

LUCIE MILLER: Oh great Skull, keeper of our past and future, guide your world through this time of tumult. Accept this offering.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, listen to me.
LUCIE MILLER: Who's there? Is that you, Snabb's Champion?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not a Champion, I'm the Doctor, your friend.
LUCIE MILLER: You and your thin-blooded swamp-dwellers.
THE DOCTOR: No...
(Growl and attempted bite.)
THE DOCTOR: No. Think for yourself. You're not the Prince or his Champion. This is all a vision generated by the Skull.
LUCIE MILLER: My guards are within call.
(Attempted bite.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, what about your home, your family, and fish and chips. Blackpool Tower, the Log Flume on a Saturday night?
LUCIE MILLER: The culture of Sobek reaches back ten thousand years.
(Attempted bite.)
LUCIE MILLER: I taught you the procession of time and law. I named you my heir.
(Attempted bite.)
LUCIE MILLER: And who in Sobek's name is Lucie!
(Grabbing.)
THE DOCTOR: Got you.
(LUCIE MILLER struggles, grunt.)
THE DOCTOR: In you go.
(LUCIE MILLER grunt.)
THE DOCTOR: Father Abbot, Sister Chalice, are you there?
(LUCIE MILLER grunt, thump against wood.)
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: (echoed) Doctor?
SISTER CHALICE: (echoed) Doctor? Is that you? Are you all right?
THE DOCTOR: Am I all right? Lucie's been possessed by an ageing crocodile armed with a lethal mace, smashing her way out of a hypothetical cupboard in a vision of the ancient world of Sobek in order to kill me, but otherwise...

ABBOT ABSOLUTE: (echoed) What can we do?
THE DOCTOR: Save yourselves. And the only way to do that is to destroy the Skull.
SISTER CHALICE: (echoed) We cannot engage in violence.
LUCIE MILLER: You're not heir to the world.
THE DOCTOR: Abbot, the power of prayer.
(LUCIE MILLER roar.)
THE DOCTOR: Its resonance.
(Thump against wood with mace.)
LUCIE MILLER: You're disinherited!
THE DOCTOR: Chalice, Absolute, you must work together now.
LUCIE MILLER: You can't hide from me, you spineless fish. The Skull of Sobek remembers this day.
(Thunder rumbles.)

ABBOT ABSOLUTE: The resonance of prayer. What's he mean?
SISTER CHALICE: Gather the brethren to the New Hall, quickly. We'll soon put some cracks in their armour.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Brethren, this way.
(Running, congregation grumbling.)
LUCIE MILLER: Coward. Stand forward and face me.
(Glass tinkle.)
SNABB: More flesh wine, my Prince?
THE OLD PRINCE: That's good. It's an age since I tasted full-bodied blood.
SNABB: The last vintage of the battle for Sobek.
(Grunting in the background.)
SNABB: You look old, Father.
THE OLD PRINCE: So do you, my son.
SNABB: It's the hate that keeps me alive, for the world you destroyed.
THE OLD PRINCE: Likewise. If I chew on the occasional stringy monk I want nothing else for a year. But I've still the appetite for vengeance.
LUCIE MILLER: Where are you?
THE OLD PRINCE: Don't think much of your Champion. In my day we had real warriors. The Skull cooked you a raw deal there.
SNABB: Intellect rather than brawn, you'll see. I think he's laying a trap. He'll make a move soon.
THE DOCTOR: This can't go on, you know.
SNABB: What are you doing under the table, you coward!
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, staying out of reach.
THE OLD PRINCE: Get on with our fight.
THE DOCTOR: This isn't a pit-stop to change a wheel. Don't you see how the Skull is using you?
SNABB: It's a god. Gods are like that.
THE OLD PRINCE: It has unfinished business. So get on with our battle!
THE DOCTOR: What's the point? You've strung a net of blood and hatred out across the stars, but the Skull won't care who wins. All it wants is a result. But it's not getting one from me.
LUCIE MILLER: Ah, there you are, you cringing dog.
THE DOCTOR: Skull of Sobek, I concede the fight to Lucie. She wins, and I want her released.
(Thunder.)
SNABB: (laugh) A good try, Doctor.
THE OLD PRINCE: The Skull only takes death for an answer.
THE DOCTOR: Is death all you live for?
(Running off.)
SNABB: Stop him. My Champion!
LUCIE MILLER: Face me and fight, you soft-bellied coward!
(Gong sounds.)
SNABB: What is that?
THE OLD PRINCE: The brethren are at prayer. This happens all the time in this benighted place. It comforts them, but it sets my tail jangling.
SNABB: It's a trap!

(Running, chasing after another.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie. Lucie, you win. I surrender.
LUCIE MILLER: My enemy.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie.
(Grunt of LUCIE MILLER and movement of mace.)
LUCIE MILLER: In a hundred battles no enemy ever ran from me.
(Snarl as mace used.)
THE DOCTOR: There's always a first time.
LUCIE MILLER: Coward! Come back! Stand and fight!
THE DOCTOR: Come on, Prince's Champion. The New Hall. I'll fight you in here.
(Creak as door opened.)
SISTER CHALICE: Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, keep chanting.
LUCIE MILLER: There's no escape in the water. No way out.
(Voice changing, becoming normal.)
LUCIE MILLER: What's that noise? Oh, my head.
THE DOCTOR: It's working. Keep chanting. Your prayers balance out the dark of the Skull's thoughts.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, come back. Come back to us, come back to me.
LUCIE MILLER: (normal) Oh ... what's this mace thing for? It's horrible.
(Splash.)
THE DOCTOR: It's all right.
LUCIE MILLER: What happened? Oh ... I think I'm going to faint.
THE DOCTOR: Hush now, hush now, hush, hush, hush, let the chanting clear your mind. Just don't forget who you are, all right?
(Thunder.)
SISTER CHALICE: It's not working.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Too much imbalance. Try again.
SISTER CHALICE: Keep trying, brethren.
(Deep male voice of SKULL OF SOBEK.)
SKULL OF SOBEK: Sobek.
SISTER CHALICE: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: Oh ... it's the Skull. I was a fool to come here. It's trying to burrow into my mind. Can you hear them, the thoughts and memories?
(Flames.)
THE DOCTOR: Take it up, up a tone. The resonance of the hall.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Up a tone.
(Humming of brethren.)
SKULL OF SOBEK: Sobek.
THE DOCTOR: That's it. Keep going. Pitch-perfect.
(Door opens with a creak.)
THE OLD PRINCE: It - is it over?
SNABB: Which is the victor?
THE OLD PRINCE: Where are our Champions?
THE DOCTOR: Stay away from her.
(Body in water.)
SNABB: The Old Prince. Your Champion has fallen. My Champion has won.
(Growl.)
THE DOCTOR: No. No-one wins. You both lose.
THE OLD PRINCE: Impossible.
THE DOCTOR: Two old relics who can't even remember why they're fighting.
SNABB: The Skull remembers.
THE DOCTOR: The Skull wants an ending.
THE OLD PRINCE: We all want an ending.
THE DOCTOR: A proper ending, with no more Champions. Isn't that better than this eternal war?
SNABB: No champions? Hah! Then the battle returns to us.
THE DOCTOR: Where it belongs.
THE OLD PRINCE: So, we begin again, do we? In the name of Sobek, the world you destroyed.

SNABB: It was already dead by your hand. Let us finish this once and for ever, before the Skull, Prince of carrion.
THE OLD PRINCE: Great Lord of traitors, before the Skull.
SNABB: Death and victory, Father.
THE OLD PRINCE: Victory and death, my son.
(Growls, clash of swords.)
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Doctor, look at the ceiling. The Skull.
SISTER CHALICE: It's breaking up.
THE DOCTOR: Out. Out, all of you! Get out!
THE OLD PRINCE: Our God.
SISTER CHALICE: What about Lucie?
THE DOCTOR: I've got her, now run!
SNABB: We fight on, Prince.
THE OLD PRINCE: We fight on.
(Sword fight.)
SKULL OF SOBEK: Sobek.
(Rumbling as falling building while sword fight fades in an echo, then silence.)

SISTER CHALICE: No. No, no. Impossible.
LUCIE MILLER: But I want to go.
SISTER CHALICE: No.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm not staying here with the rest of you blue baldies.
SISTER CHALICE: You are initiate to the order.
LUCIE MILLER: Flippin' 'eck. Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, there you are. Glad to see you're feeling better.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm not. She won't let me go. Do something.
SISTER CHALICE: The order rejoices in embracing our new sister.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't want to be embraced.
THE DOCTOR: Well, if you will go round signing up for things without reading the small print.
LUCIE MILLER: Bet you've never read small print in your life. We could just walk.
THE DOCTOR: Better to end this diplomatically, don't you think, for once?
SISTER CHALICE: Lucie has suffered monstrous psychological conflict and imbalance.
LUCIE MILLER: (tuts) No, I haven't.
SISTER CHALICE: You see? She needs our help. If the Healing Pool wasn't full of rubble...
THE DOCTOR: Actually, I need her help too.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes, he does.
THE DOCTOR: Couldn't you expel her or excommunicate her?
LUCIE MILLER: I'll excommunicate myself.
SISTER CHALICE: No.
THE DOCTOR: Is there an entrance exam she could fail?
SISTER CHALICE: Much too late for that. She remains with us.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Sister Chalice.
SISTER CHALICE: Abbot.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: If I might suggest a solution?
SISTER CHALICE: There is nothing to argue.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: It is our job to argue. We provide the asymmetry in a world of regrettable perfection.
SISTER CHALICE: Please make your point.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: The Doctor here is a disruptive influence.
SISTER CHALICE: Agreed.
THE DOCTOR: What? I'm not.
SISTER CHALICE: Oh, be quiet, Doctor.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: But in a positive way.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, thank you.
SISTER CHALICE: Go on.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Now, the purpose of each of your sistren is to provide a balancing counterpart to each of my brethren.
SISTER CHALICE: This is true.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: The Doctor here needs balance too, and that balance can only be provided by...

SISTER CHALICE: Enough, Absolute. I see where this is leading. Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: What?
SISTER CHALICE: I release the Doctor into your care. Please try to stabilise him as you travel.
THE DOCTOR: Stabilise?
(THE DOCTOR starts to laugh.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oi, put a sock in it. You're under my spiritual guidance from now on. (Chuckles.) I am so gonna enjoy this.
SISTER CHALICE: You will of course still be answerable to us.
THE DOCTOR: I suppose I should thank you, Abbot, but I fear you've created a monster here.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Oh, we are used to dealing with monsters, Doctor. Thank you for all you have done for us.
THE DOCTOR: Tell me, how will you pay for the rebuilding of the sanctuary?
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Simple. The last remnants of a lost world are scattered all around us. Every fragment of the ancient skull is priceless and redolent with its memory.
THE DOCTOR: And its bad temper, so be careful.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Of course. But they'll make our fortune once the troopers fly their archaeologists in.
SISTER CHALICE: I didn't hear that.
ABBOT ABSOLUTE: Good.
LUCIE MILLER: Can we go, please, before I develop an allergy to the colour blue?
SISTER CHALICE: Doctor, before you leave. In gratitude the sanctuary would like to offer our facilities.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I think, erm...
SISTER CHALICE: If you wish to clear your conscience, our confessional is always open.
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh) How long have you got?
THE DOCTOR: Thank you, but I really think we'd best be off. Do you know, it's twenty years early, but I'm sure I felt a spot of rain.